



10¢

JAN.
NO. 17

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

**"SECRET of
the SPACE
CAPSULES!"**



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

WHEN THE INTREPID CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN COME UP AGAINST AN ADVERSARY WHO LAUGHS AT THEIR PUNY EFFORTS TO STOP HIM, ONLY ONE PERSON CAN SAVE THEM-- A GIRL! FOR THIS MIGHTY MONSTER, WHOSE FEATS DEFY THE CHALLENGERS, IS...

the **GENIE** who
FEARED
JUNE



"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever."

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, No. 17, Dec., '60 - Jan., '61 issue. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC. 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 575 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. Editor: Jack Schiff; Associate Editors: Murray Boltinoff, George Kashdan. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, ILL. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard

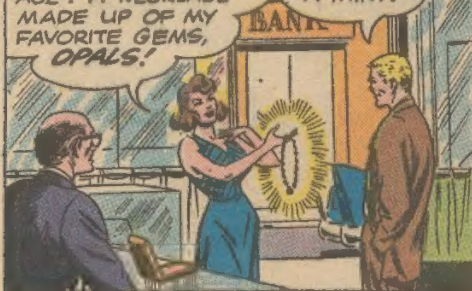
A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. © 1960 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

NO ONE RECOGNIZES ACE MORGAN, FAMED JET ACE, AND JUNE ROBBINS, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, IN TOWN ON A SHOPPING TRIP...

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, ACE? A NECKLACE MADE UP OF MY FAVORITE GEMS, OPALS!

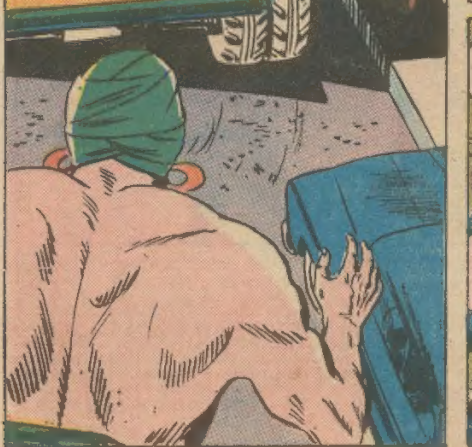
HMM... BUT I BET IT COSTS A MINT!



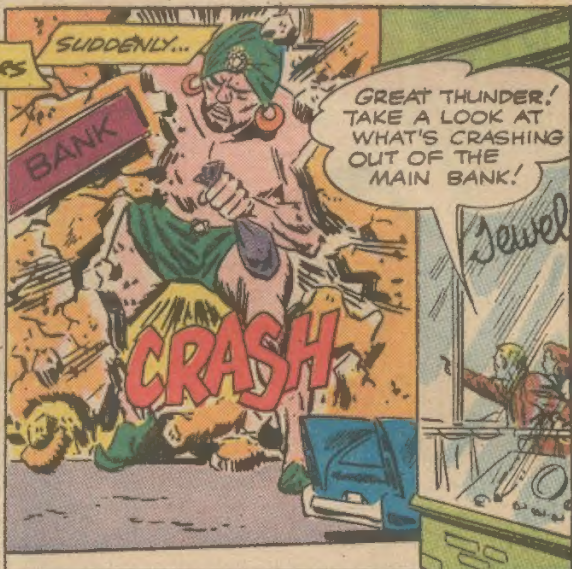
LOOK, ACE--IT SEEMS TO BE HEADING FOR THAT TRUCK!



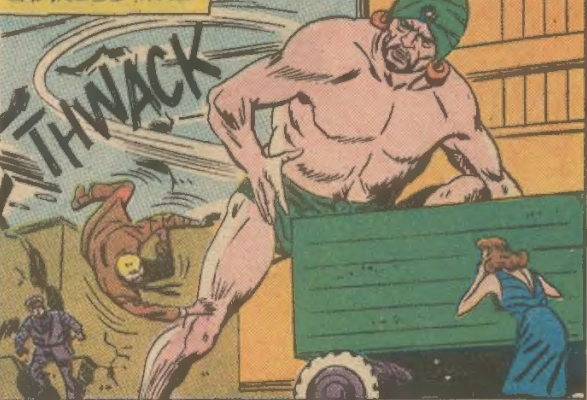
SIT TIGHT, JUNE--I'M GOING TO TRY TO CUT THAT BABY DOWN TO SIZE!



SUDDENLY...

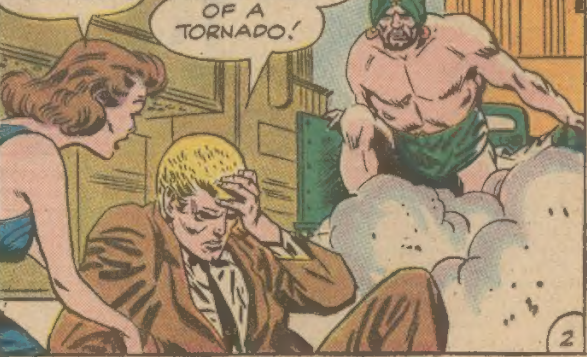


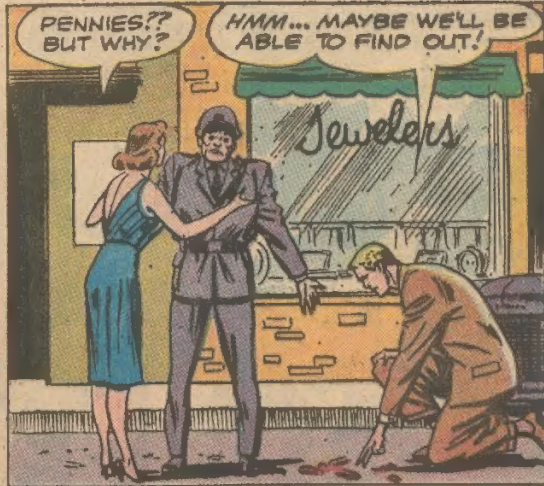
BUT AS THE CHIEF OF THE CHALLENGERS CHARGES IN...



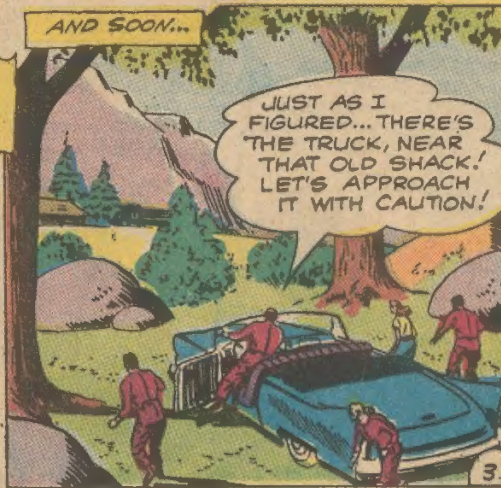
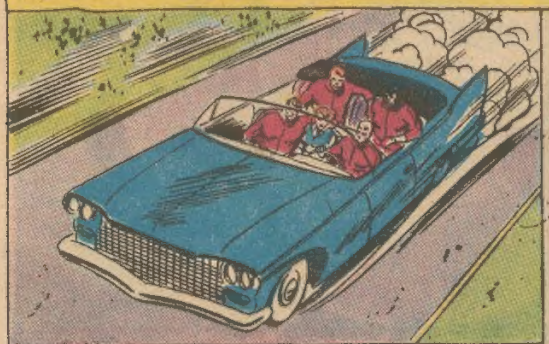
ACE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

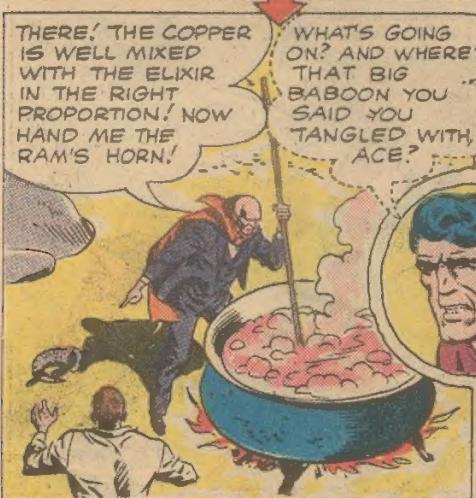
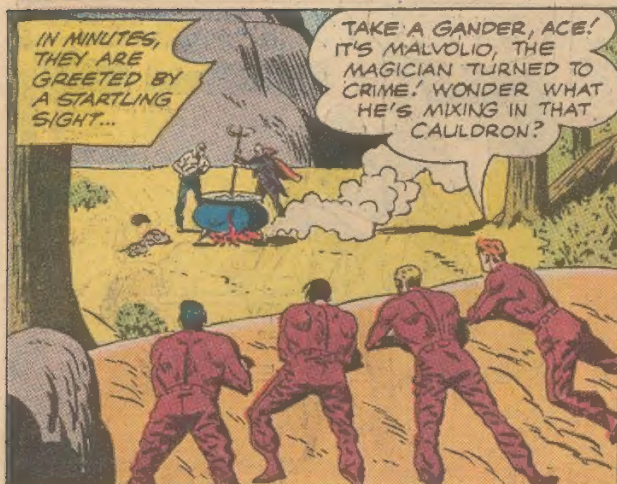
WHEW! THAT BIMBO PACKS THE PUNCH OF A TORNADO!

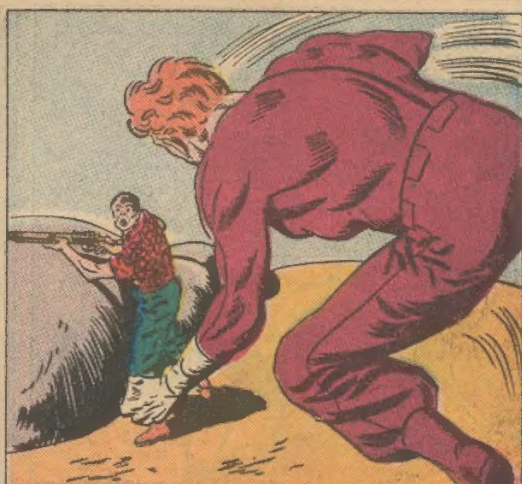




SHORTLY AFTER, ACE AND JUNE ARE JOINED BY PROF. HALEY, CRACK DEEP-SEA DIVER--RED RYAN, DAREDEVIL MOUNTAIN CLIMBER AND ACROBAT--AND ROCKY DAVIS, CHAMP WRESTLER...AS THE FAMED CHALLENGERS ONCE AGAIN SWING INTO ACTION...











NOW'S OUR CHANCE! HIT 'IM LOW-- AND HARD!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!



MALVOLIO UNLOADED A HANDFUL OF SMOKE PELLETS! CAN'T SEE A THING!

POOF

AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...



JEEPERS! TH-THEY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!



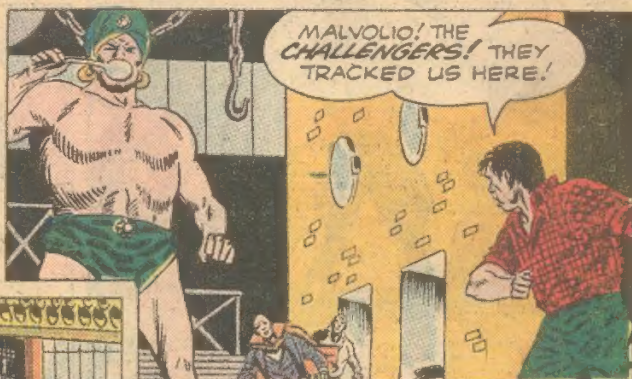
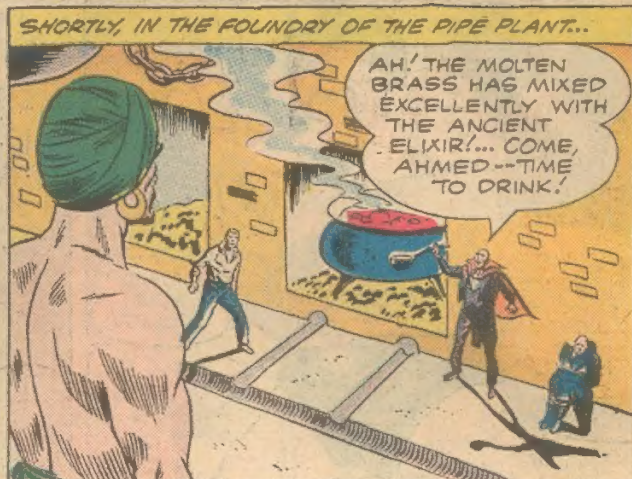
HMM... MORE LIKELY MALVOLIO AND HIS CREW ESCAPED THROUGH A TUNNEL CUT THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

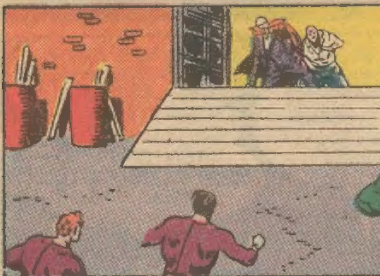
RIGHT! AND IT'D TAKE US HOURS TO FIND THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE! AFRAID THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP, ACE!

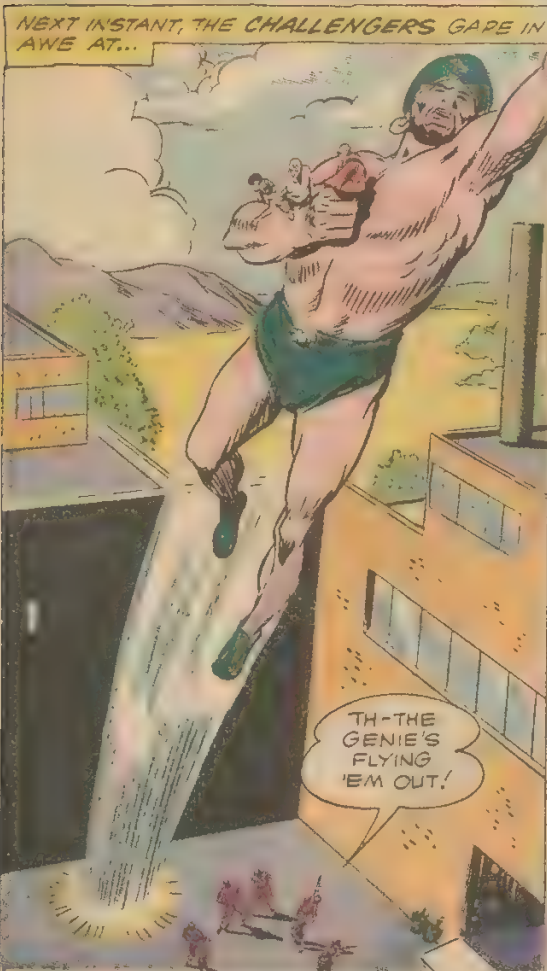
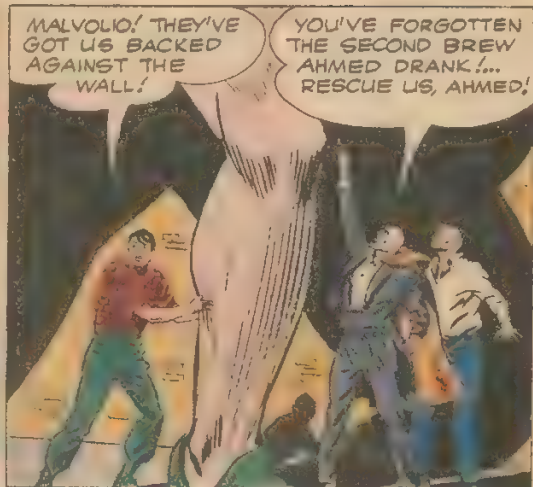
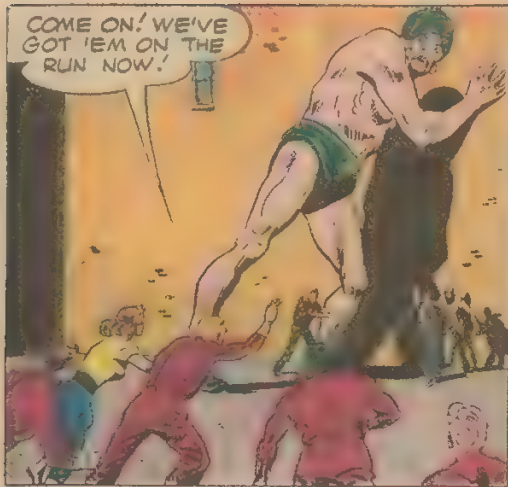


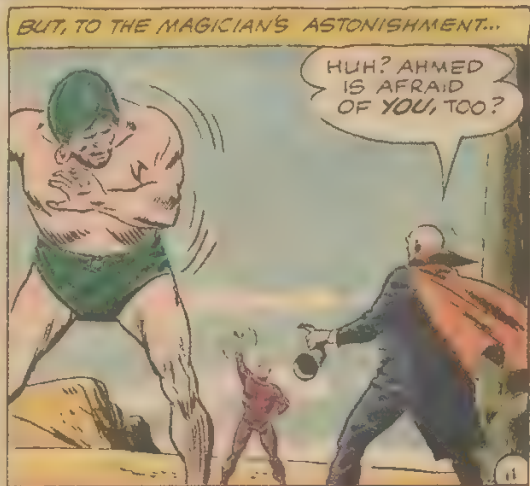
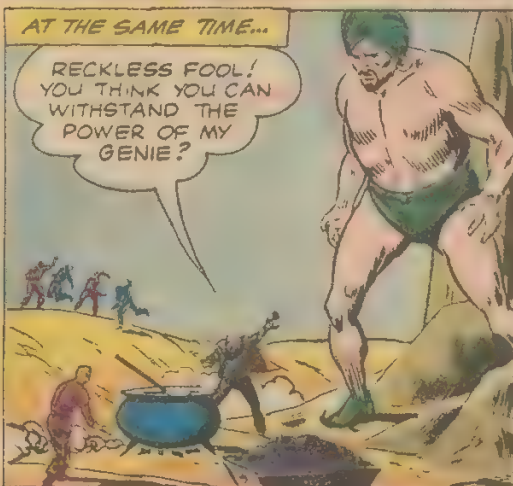
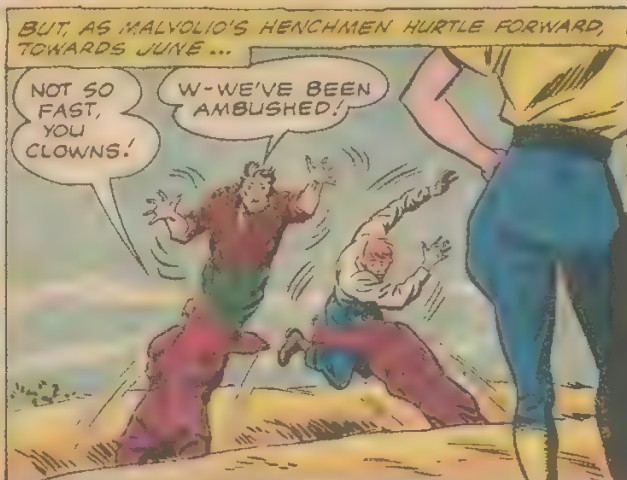
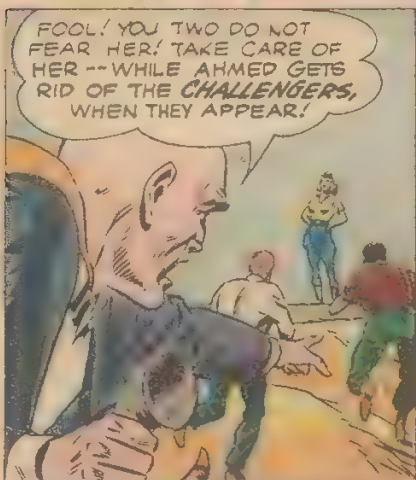
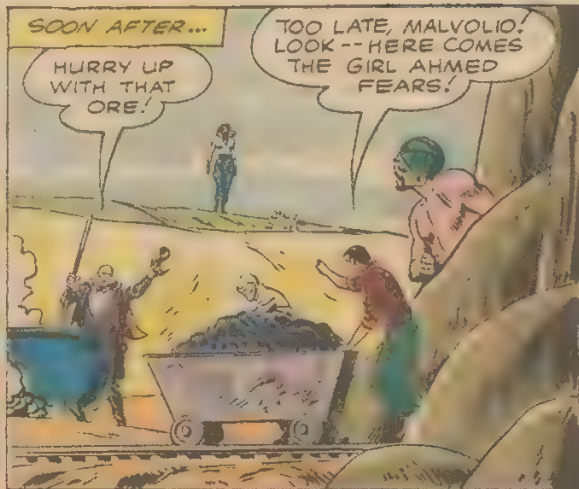
MAYBE NOT! RECALL THE SECOND LINE OF MALVOLIO'S ANCIENT RHYME? "THEN BRASS TO FLY YOU O'ER HILL AND DALE!"

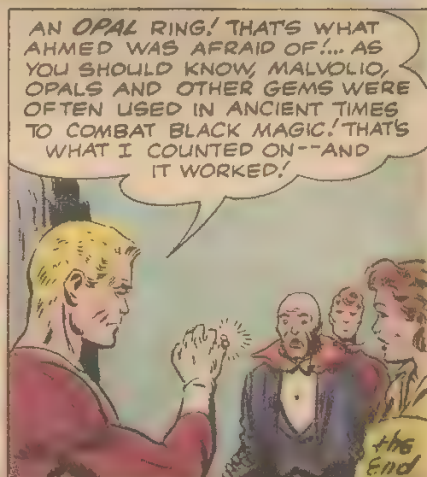
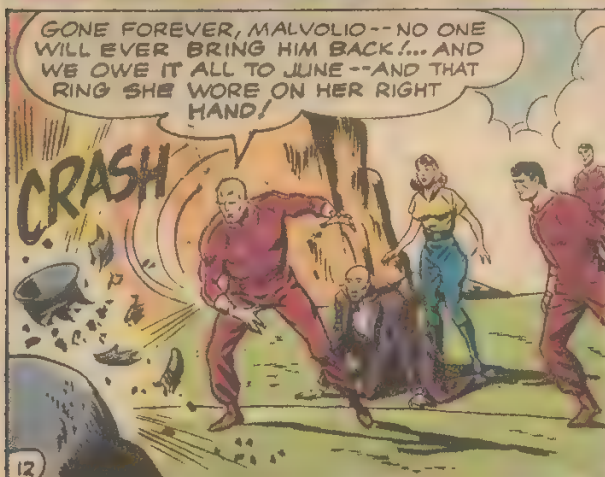
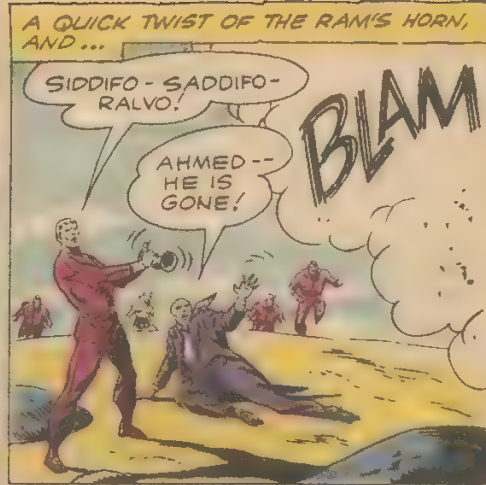
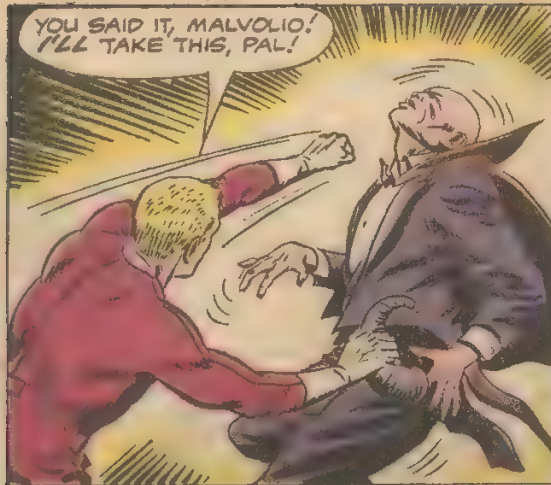
"I GET IT! MALVOLIO NEEDS BRASS TO MIX THE BREW THAT'LL GIVE THE GENIE ANOTHER TERRIBLE POWER!"











HAWK-A-A-A!

That's the ringing cry that summons
the bold **BLACKHAWKS**
to daring action against
bizarre foes!

ORDER OF THE DAY
"KILLER SHARK'S LAND ARMADA!"
"CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME!"
"WEDDING of LADY BLACKHAWK!"

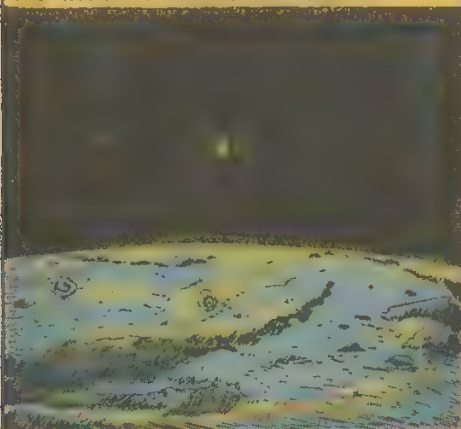
ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

BLACKHAWK
"The
WEDDING
of LADY
BLACKHAWK"

SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

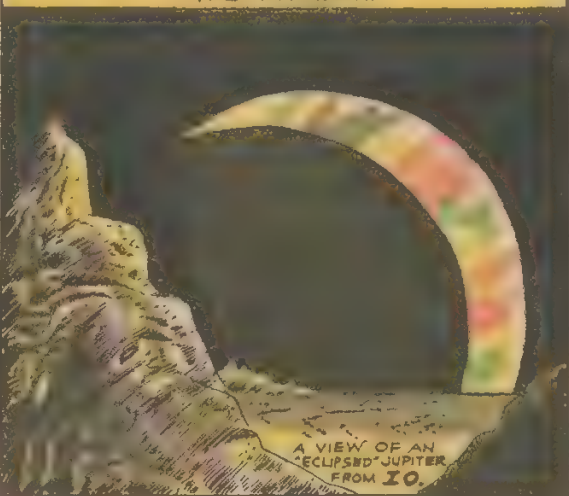
SATELLITE STATISTICS!

FROM **PHOEBE**, THE OUTERMOST SATELLITE of SATURN, THE SUN APPEARS ONLY 1/40TH THE SIZE AS SEEN FROM EARTH. SATURN -- 8 MILLION MILES AWAY-- LOOKS ABOUT AS LARGE AS THE MOON DOES FROM EARTH...



AN IMAGINARY VIEW OF **SATURN** AS SEEN FROM ITS SATELLITE **PHOEBE**.

IO, THE SECOND CLOSEST MOON TO JUPITER, HAS ABOUT THE SAME MASS AS THE EARTH'S MOON, IS ABOUT THE SAME DISTANCE AWAY FROM ITS MOTHER PLANET, AND LIKE OUR MOON, ALWAYS KEEPS THE SAME FACE TO THE PLANET...



A VIEW OF AN "ECLIPSED" JUPITER FROM **IO**.

ADVERTISEMENT

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO ENJOY STAMP COLLECTING

25¢



Yes! All yours for only 25¢
LARGE ALBUM and STAMP COLLECTION plus MIDGET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMP COLLECTING and 250 HINGES



HERE is your chance to start enjoying the most fascinating hobby in the world -- or add new life to your collection -- all for only 25¢!

You get a Large Illustrated Stamp Album -- spaces for thousands of stamps from 300 different countries-- plus page showing world's rarest stamps.

You also get a Stamp

Collection of 110 all-different stamps from all over the world--Monaco, Formosa, Honduras, Somali Coast, Israel, etc.

You also get 250 Hinges and the famous Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps -- containing Stamp Identifier, Dictionary, etc. Included free -- new illustrated list showing every U.S. airmail and commemorative stamp

Issued 1893 to 1944!

Send 25¢ with coupon today to get all these! We will also include--on approval--a selection of other stamps. You may buy any of them at Zenith's low prices and return the rest within 10 days. Even if you buy no Approvals, the Stamp Outfit is yours to keep for 25¢! Mail coupon now!

ZENITH COMPANY, Dept. NG-35
 81 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Rush me entire Stamp Collecting Outfit--Album, 110 Stamps, 250 Hinges, Midget Encyclopedia, illustrated U.S. List! I enclose 25¢ in full payment. Also include--on approval--a selection of other stamps I may buy any of these Approvals (or none at all) and return the rest within 10 days.

NAME..... (Please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

ZENITH CO., Dept. NG-35 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

MASK OF THE ENEMY

FISKE dropped into the easy chair and stretched out luxuriously. It had been an exhausting week, with assignments that taxed his skill as a makeup artist for the studio. In the past, he had, created counterparts of such historical notables as Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Thomas Jefferson, Genghis Khan, Ulysses S. Grant, Thomas Edison, to name a few. But this past week, his imagination had to replace his usually meticulous research, with the creation of a frightening figure from outer space. In the gloom of his makeup quarters, his heavy lidded eyes closed. He floated off into a dreamless sleep.

At first, he thought he was having a nightmare. The figure confronting him must have been conjured up by his imagination. Fiske scrutinized the apparition, tried to recognize the physical characteristics of jowl, nasal and labial folds. But they seemed to escape him. What kind of nightmare was this? he thought.

He heard the reply reel off in his brain. "I am no figment of your imagination. I am, in fact, a visitor from another planet. We communicate with one another by telepathic means."

Fiske gasped and sprang to his feet. As if to test the reality of the situation, he unleashed a wild blow at the stranger's mid-section. The stranger grimaced as if in pain, but in that fateful second, Fiske thought it was nothing compared to his own anguish.

"What are you doing here?" asked Fiske, needlessly aloud.

"I have come to this broadcasting studio to change the transmission frequencies in order to contact my fellow-aliens, to join me here on Earth. You will make me up to resemble a human, so I can have free access to the studio. I have extraordinary powers. Do not challenge me."

Fiske motioned him to a chair. Over his pebbly green face he applied a thick foundation of cream and powder, then dexterously added human characteristics. Ten minutes later, Fiske backed away to examine his handiwork. It was a superb job, he had to admit. The stranger rose, poked

among a rack of costumes and withdrew an ordinary white linen suit, which he put on. Then he strode to the door, and with a warning glance at Fiske, was gone.

Fiske stood, transfixed with fear. He had to be stopped somehow, he thought, without any idea at all. He ran blindly down the corridor, and came to a sudden stop outside Studio A. *On the Air*, proclaimed the sign over the door. Fiske entered noiselessly. If the stranger were inside, it would be easy to detect him. Who would wear a white linen suit in mid-winter? He gasped. Standing not 10 feet away was the stranger.

Fiske moved determinedly towards him, his fists knotted. A sudden movement caused him to turn. There were at least a dozen other men, all similarly garbed in white linen suits, who were appearing in a television performance!

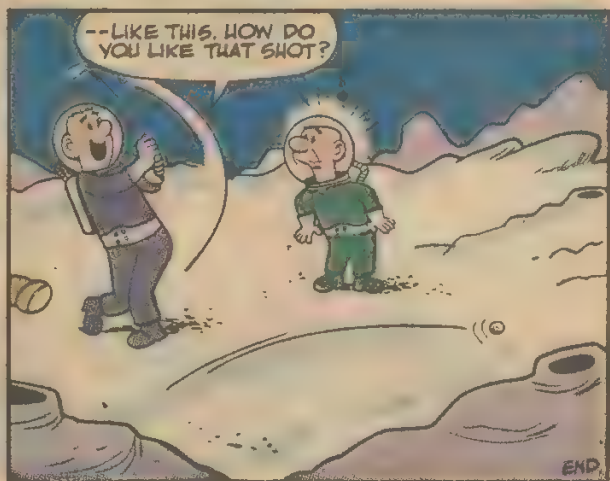
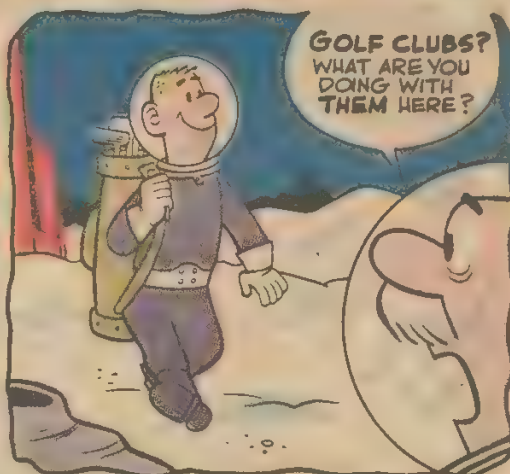
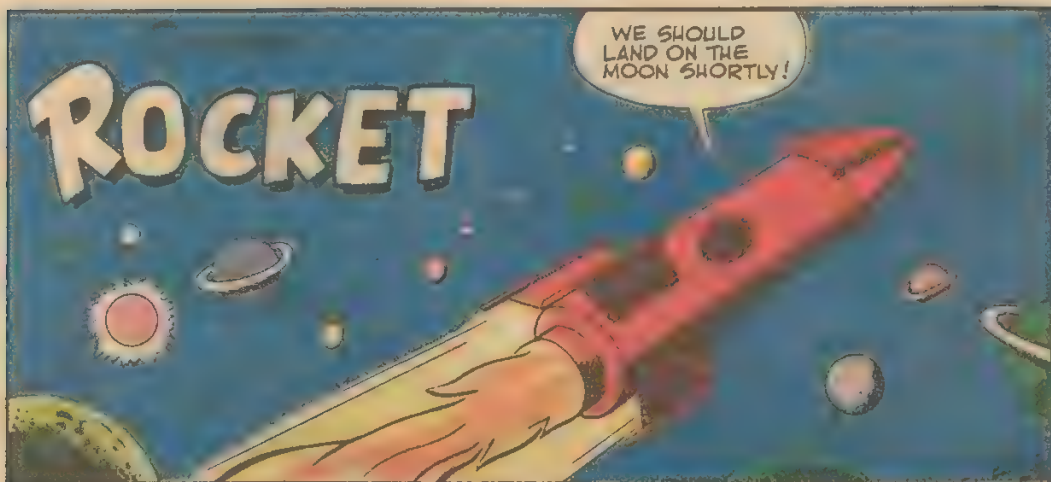
The telecast had just ended, and the actors were beginning to drift offstage to the dressing rooms. In another minute, Fiske thought with increasing fury born of frustration, the stranger would be beyond capture. Yet, which one was he?

Suddenly, he knew how to expose and trap him. He sprang to the switch controlling the bank of overhead and floor lights. The stage was bathed in a brilliant glare, as all the actors abruptly halted their departure.

"Leave them on!" Fiske shouted to the manager, as he threaded among the actors scanning their faces. "It's of the utmost importance!"

Like a man possessed, he flung himself at one of them. As they crashed to the floor, he grasped a light cable and swiftly knotted it about the stunned man. He was aware of the crew circled about them, but he addressed the stranger he now straddled.

"Almost got away, didn't you," Fiske said tensely. "That was a clever ruse of yours, making me assist you to look human, but even my art couldn't help you in one respect. Under the heat of the lights, you didn't perspire . . . like the others. That's how I was able to pick you out!"



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

FOUR STRANGE CAPSULES--AND FROM TWO OF THEM EMERGE BIZARRE MENACES THAT EVEN THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN CANNOT EXPLAIN! AGAINST THIS FANTASTIC THREAT, THE FOUR DAREDEVILS RISK THEIR LIVES BEFORE THEY CAN SOLVE...

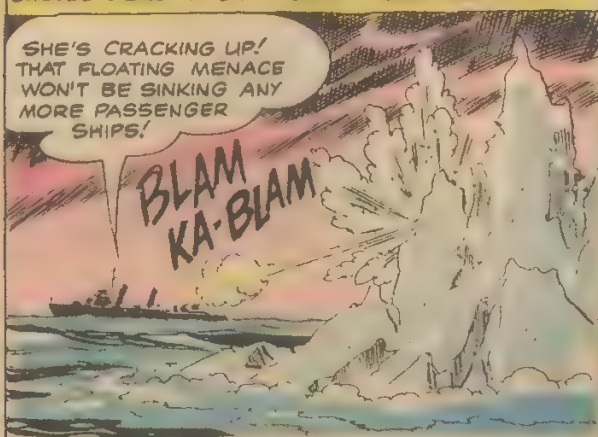
the SECRET of the SPACE CAPSULES



IN THE SEA LANES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC, U.S. NAVAL SHELLS ZERO IN ON A GREAT FLOATING MASS...

SHE'S CRACKING UP!
THAT FLOATING MENACE
WON'T BE SINKING ANY
MORE PASSENGER
SHIPS!

**BLAM
KA-BLAM**



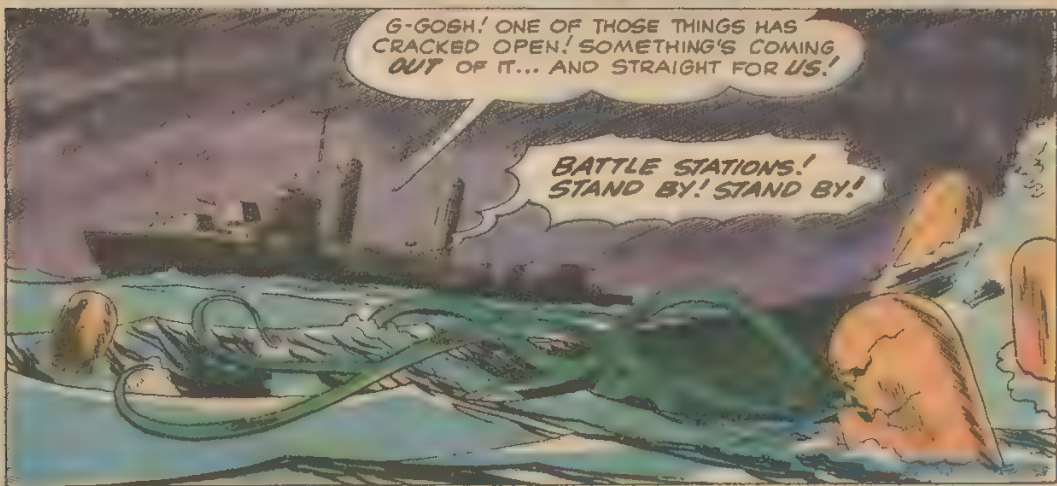
HEY...WHAT
ARE THOSE
THINGS
BOBBING
TO THE
SURFACE?

SOME KINDA
CONTAINERS!
THEY WERE
BURIED IN THAT
'BERG WE JUST
BLASTED!



G-GOSH! ONE OF THOSE THINGS HAS
CRACKED OPEN! SOMETHING'S COMING
OUT OF IT... AND STRAIGHT FOR US!

**BATTLE STATIONS!
STAND BY! STAND BY!**



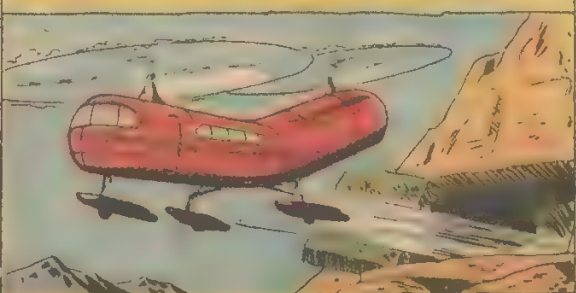
MINUTES LATER, A STARTLING RADIO
REPORT CRACKLES THROUGH THE AIR-
WAVES! AND MANY MILES AWAY, FOUR
UNIFORMED MEN INTERCEPT THE
MESSAGE... **THE CHALLENGERS OF
THE UNKNOWN!**

**S.O.S. TO ALL SHIPS...
ICEBERG PATROL
REPORTING... WE
ARE UNDER
ATTACK BY SOME
STRANGE VINE-
LIKE THING...**

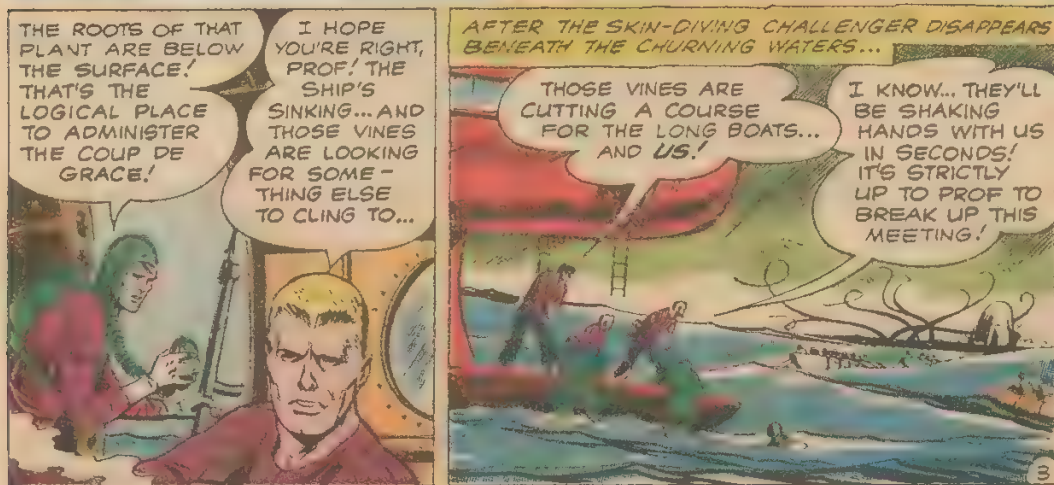
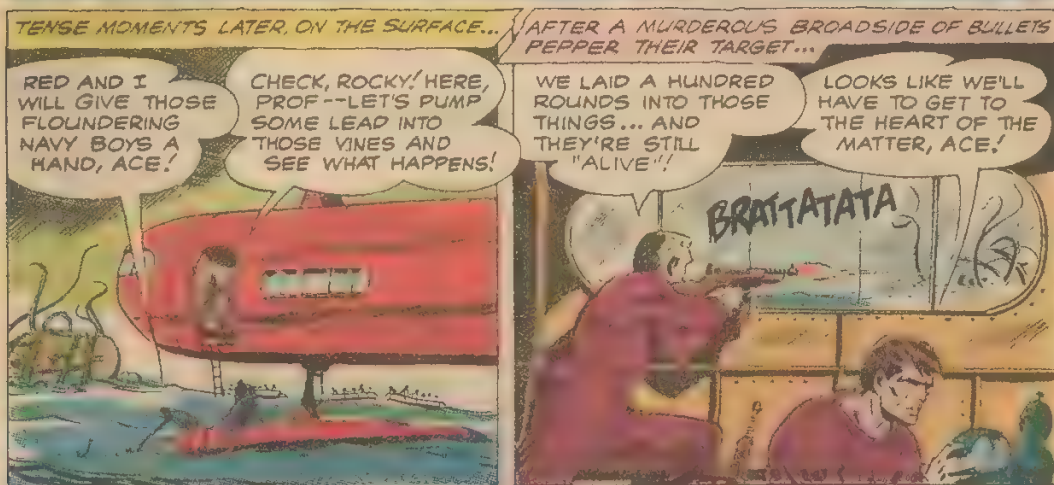
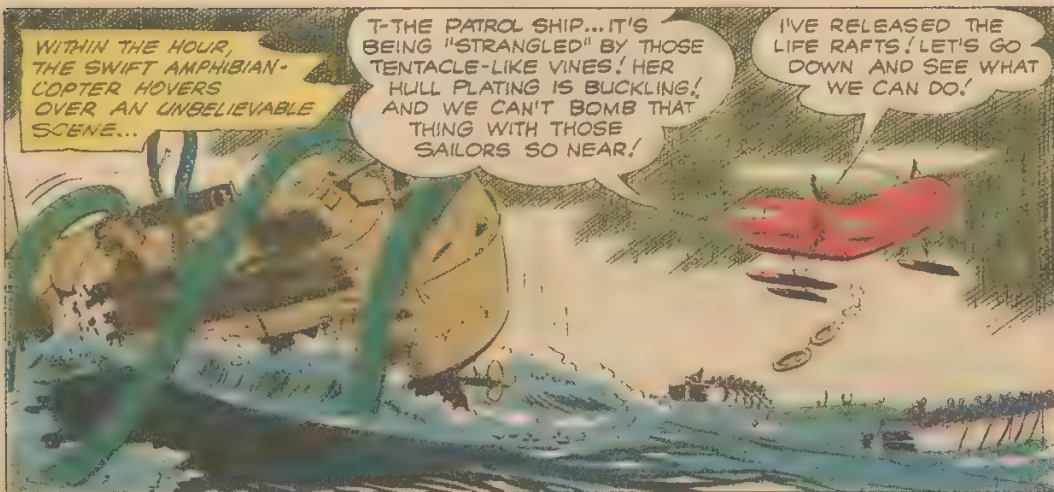
GET A FIX
ON THEIR
POSITION,
RED!
ANOTHER
WEIRD
MYSTERY--
WE'RE IN
BUSINESS
AGAIN!



A CAMOUFLAGED DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON
CHALLENGER MOUNTAIN DEEP IN THE GREAT
ROCKIES! AND FROM THE CAVERN WITHIN...



...A JET "CHOPPER" WHICKS **ACE MORGAN**, CRACK
JET PILOT--**PROF HALEY**, FAMED DEEP-SEA
DIVER--**RED RYAN**, MOUNTAINEER--AND **ROCKY
DAVIS**, WRESTLING CHAMP, INTO ANOTHER
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE!



MEANWHILE, A WAKE OF BUBBLES STREAKS THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN THE DEPTHS BELOW AS...

PERFECT SHOT... BUT WILL THE SPEAR "KILL" THE PLANT WHEN IT HITS HOME?

SUDDENLY, ON THE SURFACE...

HEY... THE VINES ARE WITHERING... FALLING BACK INTO THE SEA!

ROGER, RED! SCORE ANOTHER "SAVE" FOR THE PROF! NOW LETS TRY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS PHENOMENON!

SOON AFTER, ABOARD A RESCUE SHIP...

THOSE VINES JUST KEPT COMING OUT OF THAT BROKEN CAPSULE... GROWING **LARGER** ALL THE TIME! NEXT THING I KNEW, MY SHIP WAS IN THEIR GRASP AND...

STEADY, SIR! NOW, YOU SAY THERE WERE **FOUR** CAPSULES IN ALL!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE CURRENT SWEEPED THE OTHERS AWAY WHILE WE WERE UNDER ATTACK!

THEN THERE ARE **THREE** CAPSULES ADRIFT SOMEWHERE... AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT AWESOME CARGO THEY CARRY?

OR... **WHERE** THEY CAME FROM... AND FOR **WHAT** PURPOSE?

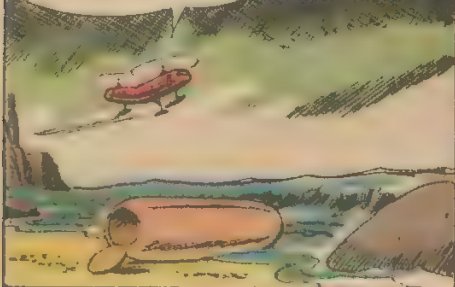
ONLY THE FLOATING CAPSULES HOLD THE ANSWER TO THOSE QUESTIONS, CAPTAIN! AND I'M SURE WE CAN TRACK THEM DOWN! LOOK HERE!

I'VE CHECKED OUR OCEAN MAPS! THOSE CONTAINERS ARE DRIFTING IN THE GULF STREAM AND THEY SHOULD WASH ASHORE ALONG THIS REMOTE COASTAL AREA!

WE'LL JET-COPTER IT THERE! YOU GENTLEMEN SEND OUT A GENERAL WARNING AND FOLLOW US UP!

AFTER A THOROUGH AIR RECONNAISSANCE OF THE COASTAL AREA, THE FAMED CHALLENGERS FINALLY HIT PAY DIRT! BUT...

THAT FITS THE DESCRIPTION OF ONE OF THE CAPSULES! BUT THE HATCH IS OPEN-- WHATEVER WAS INSIDE GOT OUT!



A-A CREATURE RUNNING DOWN SOME FISHERMEN! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN CURIOUS AND OPENED THAT CONTAINER!

AND THE BEAST HAS GROWN TO MONSTROUS SIZE... JUST AS THE VINES DID! WE MIGHT TRY BLASTING THAT THING, ACE...



NO GOOD! RICOCHETING BULLETS COULD HIT SOMEONE! BESIDES... THE LEAD MIGHT NOT PENETRATE ITS HIDE!

THE BEAST IS CHARGING RIGHT FOR THE VILLAGE! LET'S FLY UP AHEAD-- MAYBE WE CAN ALTER ITS COURSE SOMEHOW!

WHIRLING TO THE FRINGE OF THE VILLAGE, THE CHALLENGERS STEP FROM THE COPTER WHERE...

LUCKY WE HAD THESE SPARE GAS CANS ABOARD OUR COPTER! IT MAY DO THE TRICK!

IT BETTER! THAT THING JUST BURROWED THROUGH A BARN... AND IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

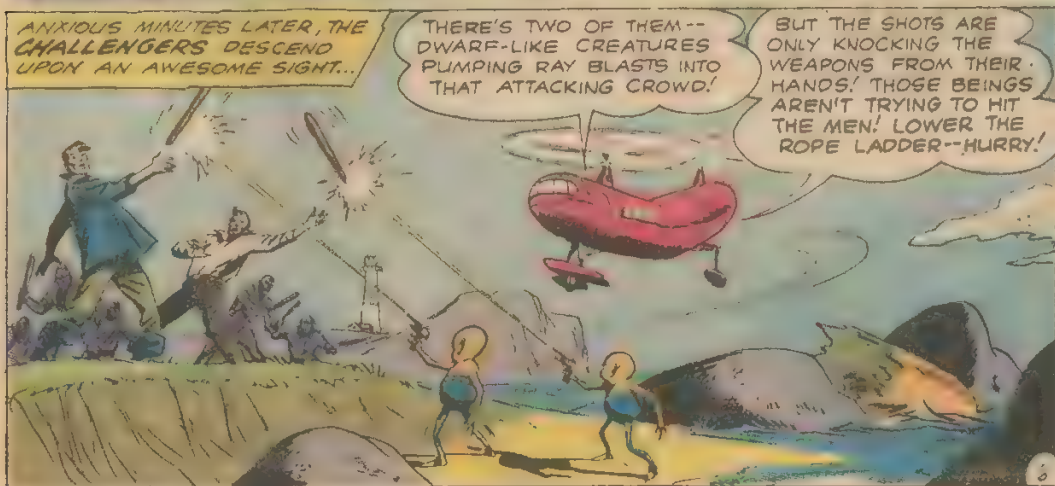
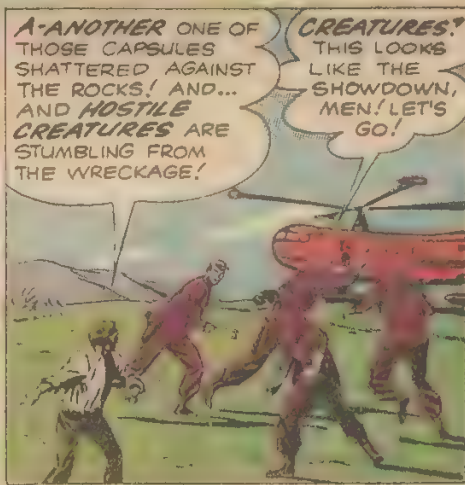


THEN, AS THE GREAT BEAST LUMBERS TO WITHIN YARDS OF THE CHALLENGERS...

THERE'S OUR FIRE WALL! BUT WILL IT STOP THE CREATURE?



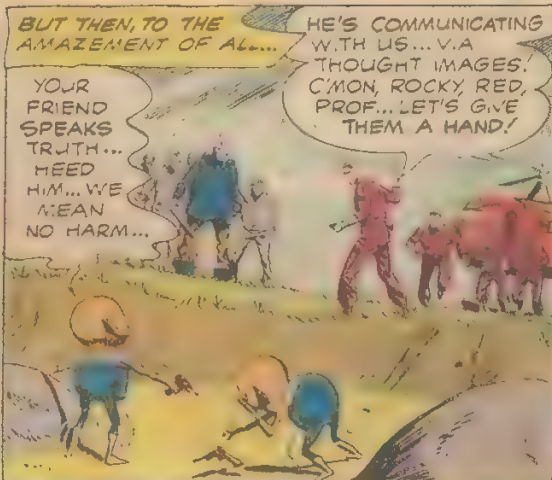
IT'S HESITATING... IT DOESN'T LIKE THE FLAME!





WAIT! THESE BEINGS AREN'T HOSTILE--THEY COULD HAVE FINISHED YOU OFF WITH THEIR RAY GUNS AT **THIS** RANGE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! WE'RE BEING INVADED! NOW STAND ASIDE ...

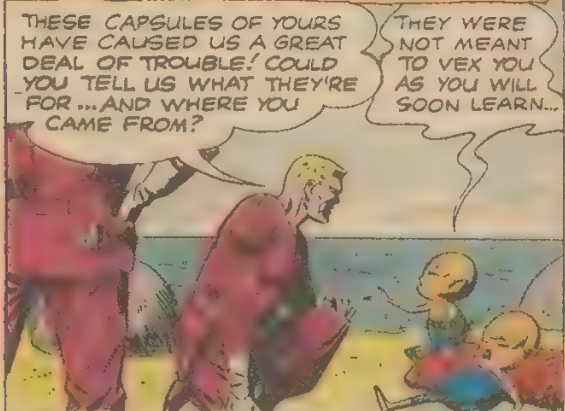


BUT THEN, TO THE AMAZE^{MENT} OF ALL...

YOUR FRIEND SPEAKS TRUTH... HEED HIM... WE MEAN NO HARM...

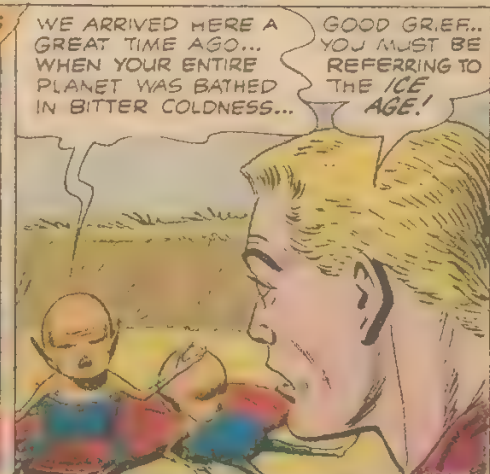
HE'S COMMUNICATING WITH US... V.I.A. THOUGHT IMAGES. C'MON, ROCKY, RED, PROF... LET'S GIVE THEM A HAND!

AFTER DISMISSING THE CROWD, THE CHALLENGERS GATHER ABOUT THE TWO WEARY BEINGS AND...



THESE CAPSULES OF YOURS HAVE CAUSED US A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE! COULD YOU TELL US WHAT THEY'RE FOR...AND WHERE YOU CAME FROM?

THEY WERE NOT MEANT TO VEX YOU AS YOU WILL SOON LEARN...



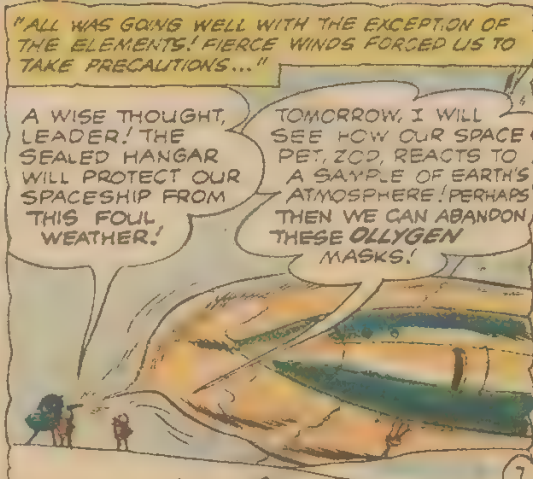
WE ARRIVED HERE A GREAT TIME AGO... WHEN YOUR ENTIRE PLANET WAS BATHED IN BITTER COLDNESS...

GOOD GRIEF... YOU MUST BE REFERRING TO THE **ICE AGE!**



"OUR EXPEDITION CAME TO YOUR PLANET TO RUN A SERIES OF SCIENTIFIC TESTS! AFTER SETTING UP BASE CAMP..."

WE'LL CONDUCT TESTS ON OUR LITTLE SPACE PET, ZOD, IN LAB #1! PLACE THE PLANT IN THE OTHER LAB!



"ALL WAS GOING WELL WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE ELEMENTS! FIERCE WINDS FORCED US TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS..."

A WISE THOUGHT, LEADER! THE SEALED HANGAR WILL PROTECT OUR SPACESHIP FROM THIS FOUL WEATHER!

TOMORROW, I WILL SEE HOW OUR SPACE PET, ZOD, REACTS TO A SAMPLE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! PERHAPS THEN WE CAN ABANDON THESE **OLLYGEN** MASKS!

"BUT 'TOMORROW' NEVER CAME FOR OUR EXPEDITION! FOR SOON AFTER, A GREAT RUMBLE REACHED OUR EARS, AND..."

"BUT OUR HEAVY OXYGEN TANKS, CONTAINING THE ATMOSPHERE OF OUR WORLD, WERE TOO MUCH FOR US TO BEAR..."

I-I CANNOT REACH THERE WITH THIS LOAD, LEADER...

TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND REMOVE YOUR TANK! THERE ARE OTHERS IN THE LAB! HURRY!

LOOK! A MOUNTAIN OF SNOW DESCENDS UPON US! WE MUST GET TO THE SPACESHIP!

TOO LATE-- WE WOULD NEVER REACH THERE! THE FIELD LAB IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

"WE DID REACH THE FIELD LAB SAFELY! BUT, ALAS, THE FATES WERE NOT WITH US THAT DAY..."

LEADER! THE TANKS... WHERE ARE THEY?

SOMEONE FORGOT THE REPLACEMENTS! WE... WE ARE DOOMED, GOOD FRIEND!

OF COURSE, WE KNEW NOT THAT OUR DOOM HAD ALREADY BEEN SEALED BY THE SNOWS! I RECALL THE CHILLING COLD... THEN NOTHING MORE!

YOU WERE BOTH FROZEN... PRE-SERVED IN ICE! AND NOW YOU'RE GROWING LARGER, EXPOSED TO OUR ATMOSPHERE!

BUT I FEAR 'GASP' THAT WE... CANNOT LIVE... IN YOUR ATMOSPHERE MUCH LONGER...

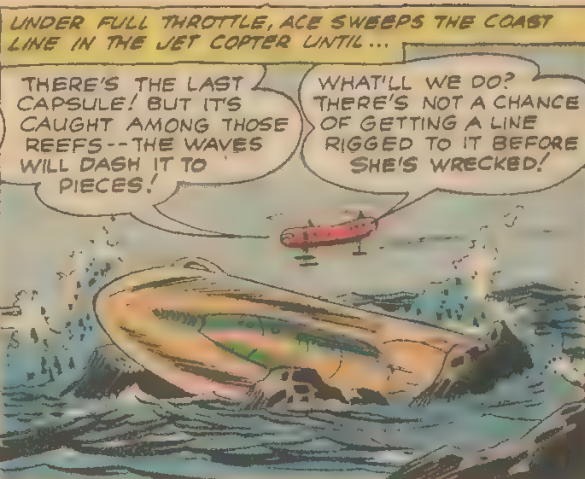
HMM... THEIR PET GREW, TOO, BUT APPARENTLY CAN SURVIVE IN OUR ATMOSPHERE!





WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING FOR THESE GUYS--THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GO LIKE THIS!

THERE IS A CHANCE--**ONLY** ONE! RED, PROF-- COME WITH ME! YOU WATCH OVER OUR FRIENDS UNTIL WE RETURN, ROCKY!



UNDER FULL THROTTLE, ACE SWEEPS THE COAST LINE IN THE JET COPTER UNTIL...

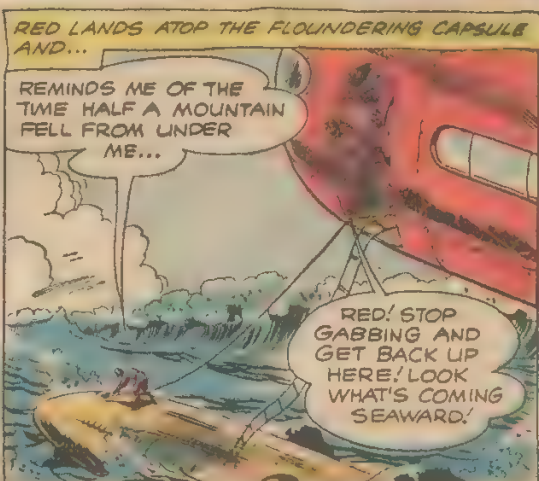
THERE'S THE LAST CAPSULE! BUT IT'S CAUGHT AMONG THOSE REEFS--THE WAVES WILL DASH IT TO PIECES!

WHAT'LL WE DO? THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF GETTING A LINE RIGGED TO IT BEFORE SHE'S WRECKED!



HERE'S WHERE MY MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING TALENTS WILL COME IN HANDY, BOYS! TOSS ME THE TOW-LINE WHEN I REACH THE "SUMMIT"!

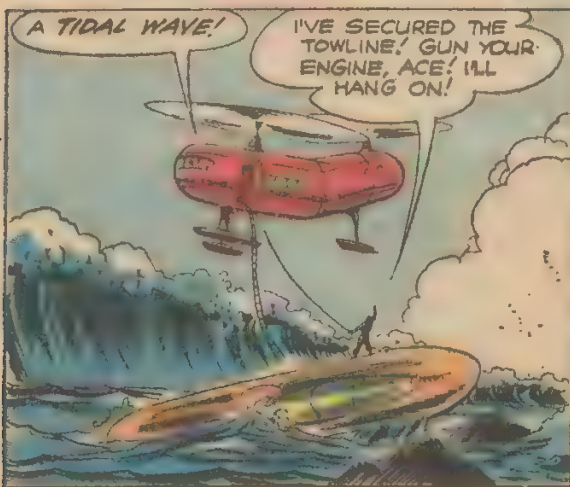
YOU'VE GOT THE BALANCE, RED -- BUT CAREFUL! IF YOU LOSE YOUR FOOTING, THOSE REEFS WILL FINISH YOU!



RED LANDS ATOP THE FLOUNDERING CAPSULE AND...

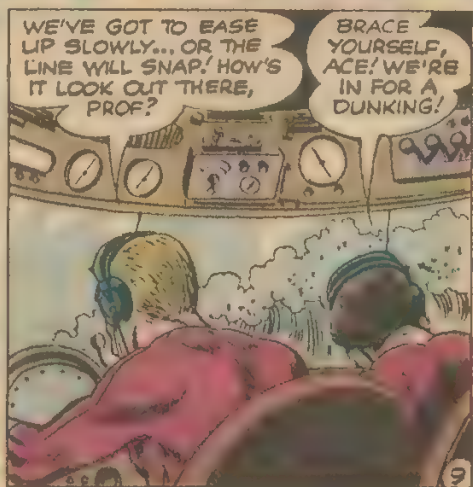
REMINDS ME OF THE TIME HALF A MOUNTAIN FELL FROM UNDER ME...

RED! STOP GABBING AND GET BACK UP HERE! LOOK WHAT'S COMING SEAWARD!



A TIDAL WAVE!

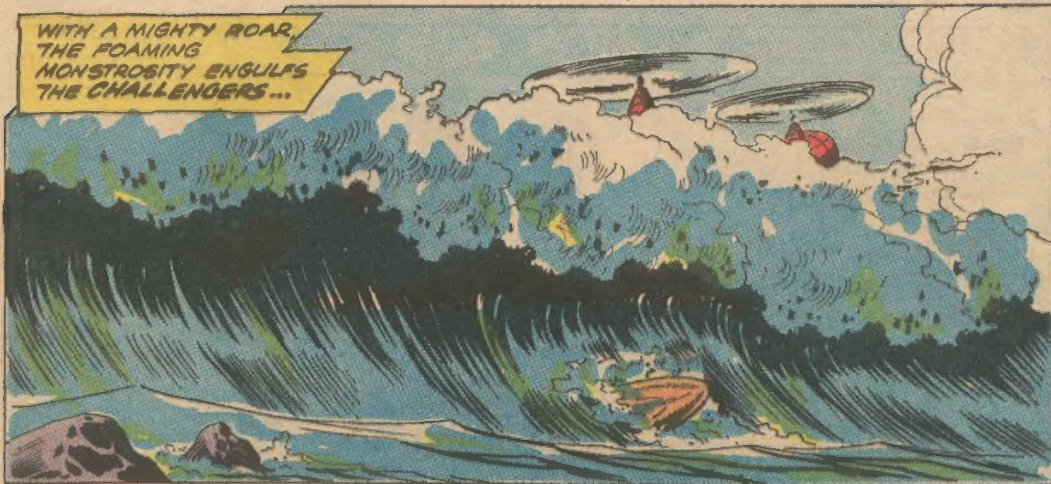
I'VE SECURED THE TOWLINE! GUN YOUR ENGINE, ACE! I'LL HANG ON!



WE'VE GOT TO EASE UP SLOWLY... OR THE LINE WILL SNAP! HOW'S IT LOOK OUT THERE, PROF?

BRACE YOURSELF, ACE! WE'RE IN FOR A DUNKING!

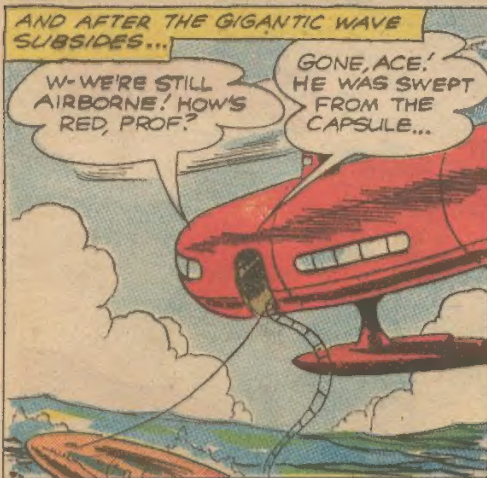
WITH A MIGHTY ROAR,
THE FOAMING
MONSTROSITY ENGULFS
THE CHALLENGERS...



AND AFTER THE GIGANTIC WAVE
SUBSIDES...

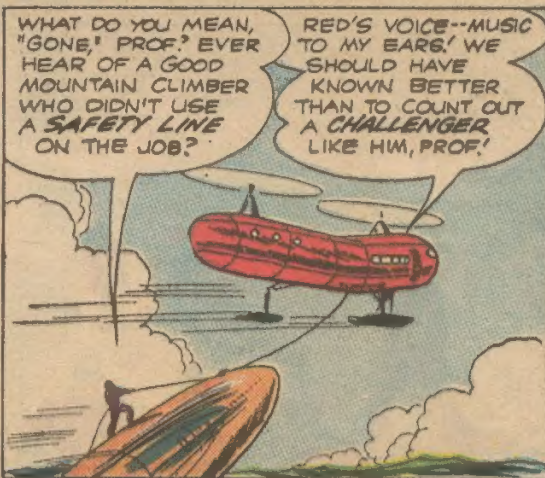
W-W-E'RE STILL
AIRBORNE! HOW'S
RED, PROF?

GONE, ACE!
HE WAS SWEEPED
FROM THE
CAPSULE...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"GONE," PROF? EVER
HEAR OF A GOOD
MOUNTAIN CLIMBER
WHO DIDN'T USE
A SAFETY LINE
ON THE JOB?

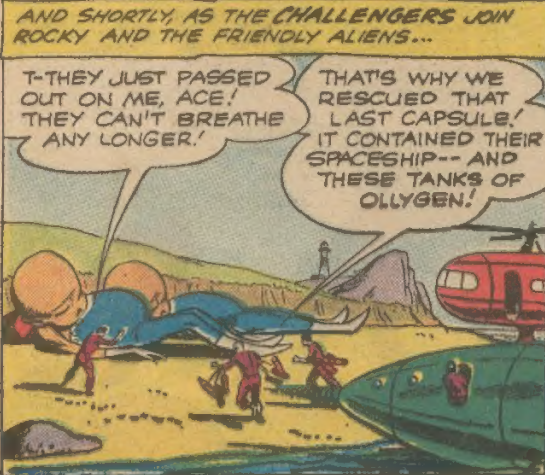
RED'S VOICE--MUSIC
TO MY EARS! WE
SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER
THAN TO COUNT OUT
A CHALLENGER
LIKE HIM, PROF!



AND SHORTLY, AS THE CHALLENGERS JOIN
ROCKY AND THE FRIENDLY ALIENS...

T-THEY JUST PASSED
OUT ON ME, ACE!
THEY CAN'T BREATHE
ANY LONGER!

THAT'S WHY WE
RESCUED THAT
LAST CAPSULE!
IT CONTAINED THEIR
SPACESHIP-- AND
THESE TANKS OF
OLLYGEN!

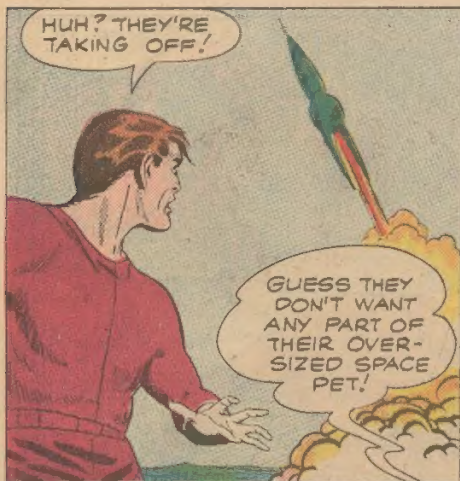


OLLYGEN? THAT'S
THE AIR THEY
BREATHE ON
THEIR PLANET,
ISN'T IT?

CHECK! IT FIGURED
THEIR SPACESHIP
WOULD HAVE AN
AMPLE SUPPLY OF
TANKS! SAY!
I THINK THIS
ONE'S COMING
AROUND!







BUT AS THE DESPERATE TEAM ATTEMPTS TO REACH A NARROW LEDGE PATH...



SUDDENLY, AN EERIE SOUND PENETRATES THE AIR--THE HELPLESS CHALLENGERS BRACE FOR THE INEVITABLE, BUT...

